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UNIVERSITY GAZETTE

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ANNOUNCEMENT.

The sixth number of the "University Gazette" will contain a poem, addressed to the Students of McGill, of both sexes, by Mrs. Curzon, author of "Laura Secord and other Poems."

Editorials.

THE MEDICAL DINNER.

This year's Medical dinner owes its success chiefly to the oneness of mind with which it was arranged and carried out. Footing is dead and buried, the breach between the years is healed, and there is a general consent as to the advantages of an annual reunion. In the case of the first year the assent was

chiefly passive, and not nearly enough of the members patronised the dinner; the representation was largest in the final years, showing clearly that it takes the students a year or two to wake up to a proper conception of the advantages of a Faculty dinner. This year's dinner was somewhat informal, and, indeed, lost nothing by the good fellowship that prevailed. One of the most pleasing features in connection with it was the entire absence of such unpleasant incidents as sometimes mar the re-union of students.

THE HARVARD "FAST SET."

In a recent number of the *North American Review*, Aleck Quest gives an article on the "Fast Set at Harvard."

He gives us to understand that the Harvard authorities endeavour rather to conceal the faults of the college than to correct them. The Faculty has established, what we think reasonable, that there is little loss to brain through the use of muscle, and that since gymnastics and sports have come into high repute in the University, the students have shown improved mental capacity.

Within reasonable limits athletics improve the mind. We need not go far from our own campus, in "off" hours, to find those who lead in examinations.

Aleck Quest finds some difficulty in defining the term "Fast," but he gets over the difficulty by taking the Harvard man's own definition. He says—"To be fast in the Harvard sense, is to run the scale of 'manly pleasures,' and then jump the border and plunge into the bubbling stream of dissipation." We will forgive him the mixed metaphor, and accept his definition.

He proceeds to say that the fastest of the fast set professes to be a gentleman, though he insult ladies, indulge in street rows, and cheat at cards. In fact, he makes out a very strong case, though, after all, his reasoning is useless, for just so much as a man is fast, just so much is he not a gentleman, *a fortiori*, from the definition of the word.

To condense his remarks on the fast set at Harvard, it may be said that it is composed of rich men and their satellites, who ride through college on a "coach," if they are not thrown out by the way. They spend

from \$5,000 to \$10,000 per annum in every extravagance and vice, not least among which is poker playing. So extensive a hold has the spirit of gambling obtained in Harvard, that one of the instructors of the college calls poker playing "the bane of Harvard." Poker has attached rich and poor, and seems to be indulged in at every opportunity, and far into the night. One man at Harvard, a theological student—take this to heart, O! ye Theologs.—is so far gone in iniquity, that he divides his time between playing poker and attending prayer meetings.

"One of the Fast Set" answers Mr. Quest in the December number of the same magazine. This writer does not attempt to justify the "fast set," but he is unwilling to have it thought that it tinges the college so much as Mr. Quest says, or that the College Faculty are in any way blameworthy.

He says that every college is an epitome of the world, and has its "fast set" as the world has. It is not college nature or freedom, but human nature that is to blame, and he adds that the "fast" man often grows up a good husband and a good member of society.

He denies that the vulgarity and shamelessness that Quest speaks of exists in the Harvard "fast set" to any extent, and affirms that such men as demonstrate such traits are shunned. He also denies that poker is so prevalent as his opponent says, or that cheating is a common resort.

We may sum up his motive for reply in a sentence—"I do not, for one moment, admit that Harvard undergraduates are blacker than any other undergraduates."

Contributions.

AN ENQUIRY INTO THE ALLEGED ANTI-POETIC TENDENCIES OF THE AGE.

II.

Many of those who restrict the domain of poetry are fain to admit, that religion and politics, in their highest sense, are legitimate sources of inspiration; but they stipulate for pure religion, not sectarianism, and for Catholic and national politics, not for party warfare. This being conceded—and that poetry should enter within these precincts solely in search of, and for the promulgation of, truth—they would, nevertheless, shut the door of science against it. Within this they will on no account suffer it to enter. "The scholar," says Madame de Staël, "has nothing to say to the poet, the poet to the naturalist." It has been said that—"Poetry and Science are two rival and hostile powers. Whenever anything has been

"reduced to matter of science, its poetical character is extinguished; it ceases to appeal to any passion or affection. What was veneration or terror, religion or superstition, becomes satisfied and unimpassioned intelligence. Imagination is dethroned there; its creative power abolished and destroyed. Even mere wonder, the lowest of all the imaginative states of mind, ceases, when the scientific comprehension is complete; for, of course, when understood, no one thing is really more wonderful than another. The tendency of science is to reduce and level; the tendency of poetry is to magnify and exalt. Each, therefore, has its proper and peculiar ground. They cannot act in concert. In other words, it is impossible to treat any subject scientifically and poetically."

But these writers fall into a great mistake. Any one must have studied "the great truths of science" to little purpose, who can talk of the "satisfied and unimpassioned intelligence" with which he comprehends them. These truths, even the very least of them, are of sublimest import; and it is not after such a manner that those who have most studied, and who know most of the ever wondrous, ever new, revelations of science, would think it fitting for the humble spirit—humble in the bitterness of the highest knowledge—to speak either of the known or unknown agencies of the Indefinitude.

Poetry may and must treat of the truths of science, wherever it suits its purpose to do so, or it abdicates a portion of its prerogative. We must acknowledge that the withdrawal by science of the veil from creation's face, though it may deprive fancy of some filagree adornments, robs imagination of nothing. The rainbow has venerable associations, when we think upon it as the sign of the covenant:—

"We think its jubilee to keep,
The first-made anthems rang,
On earth, delivered from the deep,
And the first poet sang."

But science, which shows us the secret wonders of its mechanism, adds a new delight to its contemplation, without depriving it of this. We acknowledge the simplicity, the grandeur, the majesty, of the "material law," which is obeyed in its formation. We find that law to be, not cold, but warm and fruitful, producing invariable and inevitable results from the same causes. We see that both the cause and the effect are proofs of infinite wisdom and divine goodness, filling all nature with things of beauty, of which the contemplation increases our enjoyment and exalts our souls, and makes us fitted to be true men in this world, and to mount in the scale of creation in the next to a state of a higher intelligence, purer love, and more certain happiness.

The planets are not less the "poetry of heaven" because astrology is defunct. They do not the less loudly chant to the devout soul, in the silence and in the splendour of the midnight, that "the hand that made them is divine," because we believe them to be, like the kindred planet in which we live and move, the abode of myriads of immortal spirits, playing their allotted part in the mighty progression of the

universe. The stars, scattered in such seeming confusion over space, are not less poetical, because we, by the aid of science, have discovered order amidst apparent disorder, because we have grasped the majestic secret of gravitation, and beheld the simplicity and universality of the law which upholds and regulates them in all the complication of their harmony. The white, fleecy cloud on the far verge of space, does not become unpoetical when we know it is a universe. No! poetry is not inimical to science, nor is science hostile to poetry. Poetry is universal. It includes every subject; and can no more be restricted in its range than the Intellect, the Hope, and the Faith of man, of which it is the grandest exponent and the most sublime expression—making Intellect more intellectual, Hope more hopeful, and Religion more religious.

If we enquire into the subject of the duties of the poet in the present age—we should first consider what the age is; what are its desires and aspirations; what its characteristics; and at what point of human development it actually stands. That the age is utilitarian most men assert. Let us enquire what the word means. Bentham either invented it for his philosophy, or it was fastened upon him by others. In either case it is a good word, if the meaning be not unduly restricted. Some men are such strict utilitarians, that in the furnishing of a house (especially for other people) they would exclude the ornamental. They would have the kitchen-poker, the chair, the table, and the bed, the carpet, and perhaps the curtains; but not the picture, nor the bust, nor the poem, nor the play, nor the novel. These are a small class only. Utilitarianism is a much better thing than they would make it. This class of people are rarely met with in private life, and if they preach such a doctrine, they rarely practise it. We sometimes hear of them in the House of Commons, where money is begrudged for every purpose tending to the advancement of art, or literature, or the encouragement of those who excel in them. But individual men are generally ashamed of such a restriction to their idea of utility. True utility by no means excludes the ornamental. It does not consider man as an animal only, but as a being with an immortal soul. It is not sufficient that we should gain victories over time, and space, and the obstruction of matter; but the mind has its cravings as well as the body, which must be satisfied. Utilitarianism of this kind is essentially popular and philanthropic. Science, by increasing the physical comforts of mankind, is preparing the way for mental blessings and mental progress, to an extent which, to some minds, seems Utopian to imagine, but which will be realised, nevertheless. All our physical conquests over matter are proofs and results of mental energies, working to various ends, and all of them, we cannot doubt, though we may not yet understand, to ultimate spiritual, as well as physical, good. The utilitarian who confines utility to merely physical advantage, may deny, in a great degree, the usefulness of literature, and wholly deny the usefulness of poetry. Believing it to be founded on fiction, he may say he will have none of it, and turn his mind to the contemplation of his money-

bags. But there are better and truer utilitarians than the men of this class, who can see a good, and consequently a beauty, in every manifestation of the human intellect. To utilitarians who believe this, poetry has as great a claim to respect as science or religion—provided always it be TRUE poetry.

It follows from the utilitarianism of the age—if this be a correct definition of it—that it is an earnest age; for, if facts be stubborn things, utility is an earnest and a thoughtful thing, and the man who would exert any influence over such an age, must himself be thoroughly and hopefully in earnest.

Our living authors should remember that the great minds of the past preach to us evermore. By a divine privilege, we are enabled to converse with the mighty men who went before us. Their words and thoughts are perpetuated for our consolation, our instruction, and our guidance. We weep for the sorrows, rejoice for the gladness, tremble with the fears, and glow with the hopes, of departed centuries. And if our living writers will not fulfil their high functions in as good a spirit as these, they are unworthy of the high place that would otherwise have been set apart for them. Hence the arduous task reserved for all writers, and more especially for the poet, in the present day—for men who would reflect the age, and yet be in advance of it; who would be of sympathies with it, and yet beyond it; who would give it the blossoms of their intellect with a full certainty that those blossoms, fair and flowery to this age, would be fruit to the ages which are to follow it.

To think that, because we are a practical people, living in a practical age, that we shall no more find pleasure in the varied beauty of nature, animate and inanimate; that the beams of the sun, or the mental sunshine of bright faces, shall fill us no more with delight; that love, or hopes, or joys, or sorrows, shall no more affect us; or that poetry, which refines and spiritualizes all these, shall be extinguished by the progress of civilization, is mere lunacy. As civilization increases, the world will, doubtless, become more difficult to please in poetry. The wiser men grow, the less aptitude will they exhibit for being put off with shadows instead of realities. But poetry itself, purified and exalted, will all the more purify and exalt mankind. Those who speak great truths from their fulness of heart, and enshrine them in noble words set to the music which stirs the blood, will never want listeners. The poets who would do that have an arduous but noble task. Such poets need not fear that they have fallen upon evil times for their vocation; if they be but in earnest with it, and will not make it their pastime, but the business and recompense of their lives. Let them put on their singing robes cheerily in the face of heaven and nature, and wear them in a trustful and patient spirit, and speak that which is in them for the advancement of their kind, and the glory of their Creator, and there will be no risk that they will be allowed to sing in the wilderness, "no man listening to them."

Such men die not; neither do they cease. Their example, their deeds are vital, and for all time beget a kindred greatness.

HENRY MOTT.

VOX HUMANA.

Having assisted my Jehu to deposit a large trunk in the front of his vehicle, and having, moreover, warned him that a certain box, with which I entrusted him, was to be kept "This-side-up, with care," I climbed in myself, and, leaning back, indulged in meditation.

I had been abroad for ten years, and as I was whirled homeward, across the country, from the Pacific coast, past fathomless ravines and snow-capped peaks, past mighty rivers and trackless forests, past wide prairie lands, and mountains whose heads were heavy with age ere Alps and Himalayas saw the light, I had felt that not for all the kingdoms of Europe and Asia could I exchange my native land, which would one day be a queen among nations, when their glory, like that of Greece and Rome, had faded away. One reason that had decided my return was a longing to see again my friend, my school-boy, college and manhood's friend, who now occupied the corner in my old bachelor heart not devoted to myself. As I drove towards his home, I wondered if he would be surprised to see me, if his children had grown past recognition, if his wife was still the good-looking girl she used to be, and what was his last collecting fad. For you must know that he possessed all the attributes of a successful collector, being enquiring, scientific, and methodical, and endowed with a fair share of this world's goods. During his college life, his rooms resembled a small museum, filled as they were with rocks, fossils, shells, photos, and Indian curiosities, all neatly labeled.

Although the partner of his joys and sorrows was not of this scientific turn, his children were. The girls collected dolls, buttons, hair, recipes, botanical specimens, and crotchet patterns; the boys, everything in the organic and inorganic worlds, from marbles to monkeys—indeed, from the "this-side-up" box, held so gingerly by cabby, peeped forth the wistful, little, dark countenance of a living representative of the order *Quadrumana*, destined to take his place in their menagerie. The aforesaid trunk also contained a number of foreign nick-nacks that I thought might please my friend, and some pretty Eastern stuffs chosen with a view to attract the feminine eye.

When we alighted at the handsome cut-stone mansion on Sherbrooke street, I was informed by the housemaid, in freezing accents, that neither the master nor the missis was at home. Did she take me for an agent, or, seeing my little companion, for an organ-grinder? I cannot tell. But, fortunately, "the master" appeared, and, suffice it to say, that the greeting between us convinced her that I was neither one nor the other. I soon succeeded in making friends with the young people, assisted, of course, by the contents of trunk and box. My friend's wife, too, who looked quite as pretty as of yore, if somewhat older, welcomed me with sincere cordiality. They would not hear of my returning to the Windsor, as I had intended. "No, no, old boy, you must stay with us for a while; we'll transform you, in less than no time, from the scandalous old Hindu you look, to a respectable Canadian.

So after dinner, when the boys had been despatched for my valise, and the ladies had mysteriously disappeared, my friend and I repaired to the comfortable library to enjoy a talk. Times had gone well with him during my absence; his gallery of paintings was unrivalled in the city; literary men sought the library for books they could nowhere else procure; his eldest son had carried off the gold medal in Natural Science at McGill; this and much more he told me, and much he did not tell me also; for I knew that not a day passed in which he failed to employ his wealth in easing the burden of some less fortunate brother. But still I waited expectantly, and at last it came.

"Now, old boy, if you are not too tired, I want you to come and hear my collection of voices."

I thought I did not hear *his* voice aright, but uncertain whether to prepare for table-rapping, ventriloquists, or ghosts, followed upstairs into a room containing a curious-looking machine mounted on an escritoir. At the back of the escritoir, protected by glass doors, were a number of pigeon-holes, labeled, and containing large envelopes.

Among the labels that caught my eye were:—POLITICS, STAGE, MISCELLANEOUS, LITERATI, MUSICAL. My host selected some of the envelopes, seated himself in front of the machine, smiled wickedly, and intimated that the circus was about to begin.

"Thunder and lightning!" cried I, "what do you intend to do with that concern?" (the table-rapping theory was uppermost in my mind).

"Listen, my dear fellow, listen," he replied, taking a sheet of something from an envelope and placing it in the instrument; so I listened; and I heard a slight click, as of machinery in motion, then a *voice*, a low, sepulchral ghoul-like voice; and it said—

"The skeletons tall from the churchyard rise,
And strange is the sound of the night wind's sighs;
Each man looks brave with a fleshless chin,
The maidens dance with the wickedest grin.
They clatter behind—they grip, they snatch,
The living may run, but the dead can catch."

By this time ghosts had gained the day, and jumping up, I begged my host, who was enjoying my consternation, to explain.

"Ha, ha," said he, "this is what comes of gadding round in savage lands; just fancy his not knowing about the Edison Phonograph! Look," he continued, as I approached to examine the strange contrivance, "you see this flat circular disc with a spiral groove? Here above it is a vibrating plate with a mouth-piece on the face, and a needle or tracing point beneath. You place a sheet of copper foil or wax on the disc, and then speak into the mouth-piece. The waves of sound cause the plate to vibrate, motion is communicated to the needle, and if you set the clockwork going, the surface of the flexible foil on the disc is brought into contact with the point, which makes various impressions upon it according to the different sounds. When you have dictated all you wish, you can take out the plate and stop the machinery."

"But," said I, "you did not do that just now; I believe you are a ventriloquist, and are trying to hoax your poor old chum."

"Nonsense," was the reply, "don't you see that any time you want to reproduce your work, you have only to replace the wax plate (we find wax better than copper), so that the point is at the beginning of the tracing it has made; then, if you turn on the clockwork, the stylus passes again over the groove, motion is communicated to it, and through an elastic pad, to the upper plate, causing it to vibrate in exactly the same manner as when the words were spoken. This tube in the mouth-piece serves to concentrate the waves of sound as they pass out. Now! *comprenez-vous?*"

I must confess that I hardly did. This explanation, so glibly rattled off, was about as intelligible to me as Chinese.

"Have you had it long?" I ventured.

"Six months and five days," he answered. "I got my first three years ago, but this has all the latest improvements. That voice you have just heard belongs to an undertaker, quite a character, whose appearance and disposition are in keeping with his trade; here is a Hibernian client of mine that is not so lugubrious."

He inserted another sheet of foil, and we heard—

"Shure, thin, oi'll talk into your ould machine, and welcome, sorr; all the same, Oi belave it's no mortal has bewitched the little spakin' cratur."

I listened with great interest to some two or three dozen voices—male and female—gruff and unctious, insinuating and shrill. Although they did sound a little unnatural, words, tone, and modulation were distinct, especially in those of low pitch. "Saw my leg off" was rendered by three medical students with good effect. The nasal twang of a Yankee delivered the following, which had reference to some fishery treaty between Uncle Sam and ourselves:—

"Deal gently with an herring race,
Canada, my Canada;
Put up your sword-fish in its place,
Canada, my Canada;
If for reprisal you would sue,
Just turn the other cheek, please do,
And take a Yankee smack or two,
Canada, my Canada."

There was a song from Albani, and a short speech, delivered in somewhat squeaky tones, by the veteran Premier, whose characteristic features loomed from out a frame on the wall. The street cries, from "Bon bledain bouilli" to "Teen ware to mend," had all been procured by my host in some way known only to himself, and many of these were repeated for my benefit. The compartment marked LITERATI was intensely interesting, being filled with original opinions and verses from the mouths of Canadian authors.

But at length, one by one, the young people trooped into the room; the "baby," a fair-haired little maid of nine years, putting one arm coaxingly around her father, handed him a sheet of wax and begged him to place it in the phonograph. He prepared to do so, while the children, for some unknown cause, seemed to have great difficulty in restraining their mirth. And (did my ears deceive me) a peculiar, deep-toned, sleepy voice I could not

fail to recognize as my own, declared that I would not stand this any longer, that I was tired and wanted to go to bed. My host looked rather mystified, while the children fairly roared. Then one bright-eyed little rogue came up, and standing before me in an attitude of penitence, demurely asked my pardon. "You see," he added, pleadingly, "your voice is so easy to imitate, and we knew you would come up to hear it." And as I assured the boy that "I was planning a swift and terrible revenge for their diabolical plot," I thought that not the least enviable of my friend's collections was that which might be labeled "olive branches."

Montreal.

DACTYL.

A BATCH OF DEFINITIONS.

V.

NEWTON.—One of the Fathers of the Church of Science.

NIGHT.—Day's Viceroy whilst he visits his subjects on the other side of the island.

OPINION.—The focus of thought.

PALACE.—The car of a balloon, whose occupants look down upon those who pay for the gas.

PATRONAGE.—Condescension instead of Justice.

PAUPER.—One of the crew thrown overboard to lighten the ship.

PAWNBROKER.—A man who holds your coat while you fight.

PEDANTRY.—Learning's court-dress brought into every-day wear.

PEN.—The plough with which the field of Truth is cultivated.

POLICEMAN.—A person hired by careless gardeners to collect the weeds.

POWER.—The consciousness of God.

PLOUGH.—One of the keys of Nature's laboratory.

PRIDE.—Self viewed through a microscope.

Q.

Personals.

W. H. Turner, '84, has decided to remain in town and study law.

R. B. O'Sullivan, B.A., '86, is studying Dentistry in Philadelphia.

Frank Pedley, B.A., '86, is studying law, and will conclude his study in Toronto.

"A young man by the name of Calder" still continues to conduct the Lachute *Watchman*.

Mr. McOuat, who has so successfully conducted the Lachute Academy, was married this summer.

C. P. Brown, Science '86, has finished his railway construction and is coming to Montreal—presumably not by his own line.

FLOWERS FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY.

THE EPITAPH OF PLATO.
(*Spensippus.*)

Here in earth's bosom Plato's body lies—
His soul is with Immortals in the skies.

EPITAPH OF EURIPIDES.
(*Ion.*)

This stone, designed thy monument to be,
Derives its fame, Euripides, from thee.

THE EPITAPH OF LAIS.
(*Antipater.*)

Bright as Pirene's wave, a woman bred
In sea-girt Corinth, Lais, here lies dead.
Softer than Cytherea, life she pass'd
Mid gold and splendour, loving to the last.
An earthly Goddess, she enthrall'd a host
Of Princes, more than Tyndaris could boast.
Vast wealth they lavish'd on her beauty's bloom:
The crocus now springs fragrant from her tomb,
Her bones are steep'd in balm, and perfum'd air
Breathes from each ringlet of her glossy hair.
For her the Foam-born wept with streaming eyes,
For her sweet Eros utter'd plaintive cries,
And, if base gold her kisses had not bought,
Greece had for Lais, as for Helen, fought.

THE TOMB OF LAIS.
(*Agathias.*)

By the road's side, near Ephyré, I came
Upon a tomb inscribed with Lais' name.
"All hail, O Queen!" with tears I said, "thy lot
Doth stir my pity, though I knew it not:
Young hearts once ached for thee—but now, behold,
Thy splendour sleeps forgotten in the mould!"

THE MIRROR OF LAIS.
(*Plato.*)

I, Lais, once of Hellas the delight,
To Venus dedicate my mirror bright:
What now I am, I do not care to see—
What once I was, I ne'er again can be!

THE GARLAND.
(*Rufinus.*)

This fragrant garland, that my fingers wove
From beauteous flowers, I send to thee, my love—
Lilies, anemones, and rosebuds wet
Blend with Narcissus and blue violet.
Wear them: but cease from arrogance, fair maid,
Like them, thou bloomest, and like them, must fade.

ON A SMALL BATH.
(*Damocharis, the Panunarian.*)

Wherefore little things despise?
Beauty often in them lies:
Even Cytherea's joy,
Cupid, was a little boy.

THE LOVE-CHASE.
(*Callimachus.*)

Mark how the hunter tracks through frost and snow
Each airy footprint of the mountain doe,
But, if some comrade of the chase should say,
"Your deer is struck," he scorns the fallen prey:
Such is my passion—that which conquered lies
It leaves behind, to follow that which flies.

DIOGENES TO CHARON.
(*Leonidas.*)

Servant of Pluto! thou, whose livid bark
Sails o'er these waters desolate and dark,
Thou hast full cargo—ghostly shapes of gloom—
Still, for Diogenes, the Dog, find room.
A flask, a wallet, and the cloak I wear,
These, with an obolus to pay my fare,
Are my sole property; my life is done—
I leave behind me nought beneath the sun.

Montreal.

GEO. MURRAY.

McGill News.

The third of Sir Wm. and Lady Dawson's receptions for student members of the Y.M.C.A., was given last Saturday.

The examination in botany, for students in medicine of the first year, is being held to-day in the Molson Hall.

Additional apparatus is being procured for the teaching of physiological botany, to be used after Christmas in all the classes.

C. A. Barnard has been appointed valedictorian for the graduating class in Law, and J. Robertson for the class in the Arts Faculty.

At a Students' meeting of the Canadian Society of Civil Engineers, held on Thursday last, J. P. Tuplin, Science '89, read a paper on "Locomotive Construction."

Dr. Harrington's prize for the best collection of specimens made on the day of the Geological Excursion to Lachute, has been awarded to W. E. Deeks, Arts '89.

Mr. Sproule's prize for levelling was competed for by the students of the third year, in the Faculty of Science, and awarded to G. H. Mooney, Science '90, a *mechanical* student at that.

The bad gas that for some days last week permeated the whole city, invaded even the sanctity of the medical building, and furnished the slopers with a good excuse for absence, viz., bronchitis.

C. H. Livingstone, B.A., '86, is to the front again. He is offering for competition to the students of the Maritime provinces the "Coster Memorial Prize," to be awarded to the student of any year who passes the best sessional examination in April, 1889. In future years it will be confined to members of the first year. The prize is valuable—a copy of Chambers' Encyclopedia.

The latest and most valuable addition to the college library is the published collection of the works of Dr. Engelman, one of the greatest American Botanists. It consists of monographs published at different times, and collected by Professor Jealease, of St. Louis. The work is not easily procurable, on account of its rarity and value, and its purchase is another indication of the progress of the department of botany at McGill.

It is understood that the committee on the Carnival Fancy Drive have invited the medical students to participate in the demonstration. Those of the Science Faculty who participated in the last drive, attracted considerable attention from the spectators by their car. The students seem inclined to repeat the experiment, as it furnishes amusement for themselves and the citizens, and tends to bring both into closer connection.

FEATHERS FROM THE EAST WING.

Mrs. Harrington entertained the members of the Delta Sigma Society at her residence, on Saturday, the 8th inst. A most enjoyable afternoon was passed by those present.

OUR GIRLS' SONG.

We are merry college lassies,
But we'd have you understand,
That our frolics do not hinder
Any work we have in hand.
We've a Delta Sig. Society,
And a Theo Dora, too,
And we also have a paper,
Which we help to carry through.

Then we have debates and essays,
And on "Gossip" we have "Raynes,"
With a "Derick" to uplift us
And a "Squire" to check the strains.
With a "Monk" and "Abbott" listening,
And a "Baillie" to attend;
With a Finley and a Botterell
Just to make a happy end.

Then McGregor and MacFarlane,
With our scrapbooks on their minds,
Helped by Campbell and by Lyman,
Henderson and Whitehead kind.
Don't you think the Chinese Mission
Will be honestly put through,
With such earnest, loving women
To attend to poor Ah-Foo?

Let us "Reid" the cheering message
From the Class of '89;
With the Glee Club made so charming
By the songs of "Auld Lang Syne."
Then three cheers for the Donalda,
May their brilliant work shine bright
On the coming Freshmen's pathway—
And to noblest aims incite.

Give three cheers for the Professors,
For the Principal and friends,
Who have lent us their assistance
To accomplish all our ends.
And a "tiger" for Sir Donald,
Who has done the lion's part,
He will ever have a corner
Deep in each girl-graduate's heart.

Give a cheer for Alma Mater,
Now her doors are open wide
May the rich, both men and women,
For her many wants provide,
May the flag of British freedom
Ever o'er her be unfurled,
And her merry lads and lassies
Be admired of all the world.

THE MEDICAL DINNER.

The annual medical dinner for 1888 was held at the Windsor Hotel, on the evening of Thursday, 29th November, and received a very general support and appreciation from the students. "Abundance of material," as the calendar says, was provided by the Windsor's *chef*, and served up in such a way as only the Cook of the medical school can excel.

The presidency was held by Mr. J. A. Creasor, B.A. Med. '89, and he was supported by Messrs. W. S. England, M. W. Murray and John Clark, as vice-presidents. On the right of the chairman were Sir Wm. Dawson, Mr. John S. Hall, Q.C., M.P.P.; Dr. Hingston; dean of Victoria Medical school; Prof. Alex. Johnson, dean of the Faculty of Arts; Dr. Beers, Dr. Ross, Dr. Shepherd, Dr. Gardner, Dr. Stewart, Dr. Mills, and Dr. Kirkpatrick; and on his left were Dr. R. P. Howard, dean of the Faculty of Medicine; Dr. Campbell, dean of Bishop's; Rev. Professor J. Clark Murray, who represented the ladies of the Donalda Department; Dr. McCallum, Dr. Girdwood,

Dr. Roddick, Dr. J. C. Cameron, Dr. Wilkins, Dr. Bell, Dr. Ruttan, Dr. Sterling, Dr. J. H. Bell, Dr. Springle, Dr. Potts, Dr. Haentschell, Dr. Blackader, and Dr. McGannon, of Brockville.

The Secretary read letters of regret, at their inability to be present, from the Governor-General, the deans of Trinity, Western, Toronto, Laval and Pennsylvania Medical schools, and from Dr. Osler. The representative from Bishop's college was Mr. C. A. Lachlan; Toronto, Mr. M. Reid; from Trinity, Mr. J. R. McCabe; from Queen's, Mr. W. C. David; and Laval had also a representative. The Science Faculty was represented by Mr. P. L. Naismith; Arts by Mr. L. P. Duffee, and Law by Mr. C. A. Barnard. The arrangement of the tables was most attractive. They were profusely decorated with smilax, cut roses, and potted plants, amid which soft lights gave out a many-colored glow. When the last course had been disposed of, the men grouped themselves according to their liking, and the speechmaking began by the proposal of the toasts to "The Queen," "The Governor-General," "The President of the United States," which were drunk with the usual enthusiasm to the strains of appropriate music, furnished by an effective and well-balanced orchestra.

Mr. C. L. Wheeler then proposed the toast of "McGill University," in a speech rich in well-rounded periods. "Speaking to an American"—(cheers)—on the relative educational advantages of American and Canadian institutions, he held that the balance lay entirely in Canada. While the United States has a population ten times that of Canada, it cannot bring forth twenty such geologists as Sir Wm. Dawson and Sterry Hunt, ten metaphysicians like Murray, ten pathologists like Osler, ten physiologists like Mills, ten oculists like Buller, ten physicians like Howard, or ten political speakers like Beers. The mind might be compared to a ship, of which science was the engine and religion the rudder. Without the engine it would drift on the shoals and shallows of ignorance, and without religion it would rock eternally on the billows of superstition. Sir Wm. Dawson, the principal, had fed the engine while he kept a firm hand on the tiller, showing that there was no antagonism between the two, and had planted for McGill the red and white banner in the front rank of the world's universities.

The toast was drunk amidst enthusiastic cheering, and it was some minutes before Sir William Dawson could reply. He was speaking, he said, for the University, and to it, for the students were important members of the body, and to them he looked to carry on the work of the university in a country whose history lay in the future. He was proud of the Faculty of Medicine, he was proud of its graduates and students; men destined to carry on its honor and glory and to increase its power for good. McGill had now fifty per cent. more than any other Canadian college. In Arts there were 307 students, which was double the number of five years ago. There were more lady students than in all other Canadian colleges taken together; they were Arts students, and the better part of them. Educated women were the best friends and tended to elevate the medical profession.

Four years of medical study was a hard pull and often a struggle of agony, but it was a great deal to endure hardness. If in the old days there was less to learn it was harder to learn it; the students were coming up better equipped, many of them graduates in Arts in spite of the barbarous law compelling a Bachelor of Arts to pass a school boy examination—a law they had been fighting, and would fight to the end. The principal drew an amusing picture of the state of affairs that existed when he came to the university in 1865. He congratulated them on their joining that honorable profession, so noble and important to humanity; the time was coming when the career of a medical man would be world wide, with one system of registration for all civilized countries, united in one great medical reciprocity. As a teacher of natural history he would show them a specimen—their own dean—whom he had known as a young man, studious and determined to succeed, gentle and genial in manner, until he occupied the highest position open in Canadian medical life. He urged the students to retain clear heads for hard work, and make a diligent, conscientious, earnest effort in their study and in their profession.

Mr. Delaney introduced a song, "The Owl," in his rich baritone voice, and Mr. M. W. Murray proposed the toast of "Our Sister Universities." Dr. Hingston responded on behalf of Victoria University, and Dr. Campbell for Bishop's college; Mr. Reid replied on behalf of Toronto Medical School, Mr. McCabe for Trinity, Mr. David for Queen's, Mr. Bedard, in French, for Victoria, Mr. Lachlan for Bishop's, and a gentleman for Laval from that school.

Mr. A. A. McLellan sang most acceptably, and then Mr. G. Campbell, in a thoughtful speech, proposed "The Dean and Professors." It was drunk with cheers, and in reply Dr. Howard acknowledged the compliment. When Dr. Mills arose he was greeted with hearty cheering, and he made a characteristic, earnest speech; he paid a noble tribute to the friend of his younger days and his predecessor in the class of physiology, Dr. Osler, and proposed that a congratulatory telegram be forwarded to him on his appointment to the Chair of Medicine in the John Hopkins University.

Mr. England proposed "Our Hospital;" it was responded to by Dr. James Bell, and then Mr. Wheeler sang, in his fine deep bass voice, a well-received piece. Another feature in the musical part of the evening was the singing of Mr. McKirtney, in a light tenor voice, that promises well for music at McGill.

"Our Benefactors" was proposed by Mr. Bisset, and "The class of '89" by Mr. Clarke. It was responded to by Mr. Gemmill. "The Ladies" were toasted, and then "The President," and the dinner for 1888 was over.

The committee in charge of the arrangements was as follows: Chairman, A. D. Holmes, '89; hon. secretary, Jas. Bell, M.D.; secretary, C. P. Jento, '90; treasurer, H. B. Yates, B.A., '92; R. P. Howard, M.D.; G. E. Fenwick, M.D.; W. M. Gardner, M.D.; R. J. B. Howard, M.D.; R. F. Ruttan, M.D.; W. S. England, '89; M. W. Murray, '90; John Clark, '91; W. A. Brown, '91; and Du. V. Jack, '92.

CHARGE OF THE SOPH. BRIGADE

I.

Half-a-day, half-a-day,
Half-a-day onward;
Up to the Molson Hall
Strode the half-hundred.
"Forward the Soph. Brigade!"
Straight for their work they made,
Into the Molson Hall
Strode the half-hundred.

II.

"Forward the Soph. Brigade!"
Was there a man dismayed?
No, tho' each student made
Errors and blundered.
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to write or die;
Up to the Molson Hall
Strode the half-hundred.

III.

J—hns—n to right of them.
D—r—y to left of them,
C—rn—sh in front of them,
Scanning them o'er.
Stormed at with Q's? pell-mell,
Boldly they wrote and well,
Up in the Molson Hall,
Right in the sight of all.
Wrote the brave Soph'more.

IV.

Dipped all their pens in ink,
Dipped, as they paused to think,
Penning an answer there,
Charging the questions till
Even "Pat" wondered.
Plunged deep in mental smoke,
Right thro' the line they broke.
Mood and dilemma
Reeled at their inky stroke,
Shattered and sundered.
Then they strode back, but not—
Not the half-hundred.

V.

D—r—y to right of them,
J—hns—n to left of them,
C—rn—sh behind them,
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with Q's? pell-mell,
Undergrad. and partial fell;
They that had writ so well
Came from the Molson Hall,
Out of the mouth of—well,
All that was left of them,
Of the half-hundred.

VI.

When can their glory fade?
Oh! the wild work they made!
Even "Pat" wondered.
Honor the Sophomore!
Now he's a Soph. no more,
Noble half-hundred.

JOHLE JOHKE.

Societies.

THEO DORA SOCIETY.

The Theo Dora Society held one of its most enjoyable meetings on Tuesday, Nov. 27th. The mission fields under consideration were the Fiji and Sandwich Islands, treated respectively by Miss Moffat and Miss Baillie. The papers were good in themselves, and the essayists worked under special advantages. At an "At Home," given to the Society by Lady Dawson, on Saturday afternoon, Nov. 24th, the Principal had already roused the attention of the members by furnishing much information respecting these islands, and illustrating his remarks with many curious articles obtained there. Miss Williams read a poem, and Miss Monk a short story. The meetings are now regularly opened and closed with singing.

DELTA SIGMA SOCIETY.

The 5th regular meeting of the Delta Sigma Society was held in the 2nd year class-room, on Thursday, the 6th instant. The attendance was remarkably good. Three of the honorary members were present—Mrs. Harrington, Mrs. Murray, and Mrs. Penhallow—all of whom received a special welcome from the President. During the business part of the meeting, which preceded the debate, it was decided to have all work done after Christmas centre round one subject—viz., the “Renaissance.” Great satisfaction is expected from this new arrangement. The debate under discussion—“Resolved, that women should vote”—was then opened by Miss Derick with, perhaps, the most eloquent speech ever delivered from the Delta Sigma platform. She was supported by Miss Pitcher, while the negative side was upheld by Misses Robinson and Campbell. The vote was unanimously in favour of the affirmative.

Miss Botterell acted as critic.

An artistic reading from Miss Monk followed, and the Glee Club closed the programme with a song.

THE LAW FACULTY MOOT COURT.

On Thursday, the 7th instant, argument was heard before Professor Archibald on an indictment laid against a prisoner, under section 88 of the Larceny Act, relating “to bringing stolen money into Canada.”

It was proven at the trial that money was taken under such circumstances as would be larceny in Canada, if the money had been taken here, but no proof was offered as to what the law of larceny was where the money was taken.

The Court, in summing up the arguments of counsel, dwelt strongly upon the fact that, by law, a judge was not presumed to know the foreign law, and that accordingly proof must be made of that law, or otherwise the conviction of a foreigner under such an indictment might lead to serious international complications.

Counsel for the prosecution were Messrs. Harvey, Girouard, and Hatchet; and for the defence, Messrs. England, Topp, and Geoffrion.

On the same day Messrs. Barnard and Girouard argued a very complicated case on the demand of heirs for a partition in a succession, when Professor Fortin presided, and rendered a very elaborate and comprehensive decision.

MCGILL MEDICAL SOCIETY.

The fifth regular meeting of this Society was held in the Upper Lecture Theatre of the College, at 8 p.m. on Saturday, Nov. 24th, the President, Mr. G. G. Campbell, in the chair. Dr. R. J. B. Howard had a very appreciative audience, in about 100 members of the Society, who listened to his address. While Dr. Howard regretted having lost some very interesting notes taken during his stay abroad, yet he had to forewarn the Society that his “*Notes on Some Famous Teachers*” were “not short.” The doctor began his address by describing his first arrival at the London

Hospital in 1882, and was soon portraying, in a most interesting manner, the different great teachers under whom he worked. He drew vivid pictures of such men as Jonathan Hutchinson, Andrew Clarke, Frederick Troves, Morell Mackenzie, and Joseph Lyster, while their branches and modes of teaching were lightly touched upon, details only being given on the definition of Lesion by Sutton.

Students going across were strongly enjoined not to miss hearing Jonathan Hutchinson.

At Berlin, in 1884, Doctor Howard came in contact with Bergmann, Bowmann, and Virchow, and gave strong evidence of the enormous amount of anatomical work open to the students, and surgical work done by the professors.

Y.M.C.A. NOTES.

During the football season a notice was posted announcing a visit from Stagg and Reynolds, of the Yale Association. The delegates failed to appear until Saturday, the 1st instant, when Mr. Stagg made his happy apology for not appearing “on deck” at the call of the International Committee. “He had got playing football,” he said. As he grasped our hands in greeting, we thought if the same hand reached after us on the field, it would be the Jersey’s fault if we got away with the ball. A meeting of welcome was held in the Molson Hall on Saturday evening, and on Sunday afternoon the delegates addressed the usual students’ meeting.

On Saturday evening they gave an account of the work of the Yale Y.M.C.A., describing the meetings in their Association building, Dwight Hall, and urged the importance of a house for our own work here at McGill.

Sir William Dawson was on the platform, and said he hoped yet to see a McGill Y.M.C.A. building.

Messrs. Stagg and Reynolds spoke again on Sunday afternoon. Stagg said he thought the same three qualities were necessary for a good Christian as for a good athlete, namely—enthusiasm, perseverance, and hard work, and spoke shortly on each. Mr. Reynolds spoke of many features of Christian work in college to-day, and many means of carrying it on. His thoughts were very suggestive.

UNDERGRADUATES’ LITERARY SOCIETY.

The last meeting of this society for the present term was held on the evening of Nov. 30, Mr. Truell, the president, occupying the chair. In place of the ordinary programme, an address, according to the usual custom, was delivered by the learned professor of English, Mr. Moyse. Prof. Moyse touched upon the relations existing between students and professors, stating that it was one of amity, not, as commonly supposed by many persons, that of task-master and slave. He proceeded to show that universities were not intended to produce genuises, but had an aim of a two-fold nature, viz., to create capability of knowing and of feeling, and he considered the Literary Society as one of the most efficient aids of the University in the accomplishment of their object. In his own col-

lege life the debating society had been a social oasis. Then came an exceedingly amusing description of the old room in which they met, and the different speakers. The neophytes looked upon the seniors with wonder and awe—until they knew them. The stammering and hesitancy of the freshman was made a subject of merriment, while the “speaker voluble” and “speaker sarcastic” were comically satirized. He then touched upon a point which he considered most helpful to unity in college life, viz., that of college residences, at the same time expressing the hope that this important element in university life would not long be wanting in McGill, and supporting his remarks from one of Mr. Clough’s letters. The study of ancient languages was ably upheld, the speaker showing that in the study of our own language we must go back to its beginning, thus tracing its source to ancient, not dead, language. For a university Mr. Moyse affirmed there was but one foundation—that of intellectual force.

After dwelling at some length on the methods of universities and the physical side of college life, the able professor brought his excellent address to a close by advising the members to make their choice of life according to their instincts, and to have an aim high above their present condition.

THE UNIVERSITY GRADUATES’ SOCIETY.

At the meeting of the Graduates’ Society, in the University Club, on Friday, Dec. 7, Mr. Selkirk Cross read a paper on the Constitution of McGill College.

The lecturer reviewed the history of the University, and the difficulties with which it had to contend, and which it so successfully overcame; the litigations in connection with the bequest of the late Mr. McGill; the struggles for existence after the granting of the charter by George IV. in 1821, and finally the present charter granted in 1852. Under this the property and entire contents of the college, including the appointments of the Professors, had been vested in fifteen Governors, who filled all vacancies on their own board, and held office for life. McGill was formed more after the model of Scotch than English Universities. A bill recently before the Imperial Parliament to amend the government of Scotch Universities was discussed, and it showed that the amendments proposed were formed with a view to carrying out in very large part the ideas of Sir William Hamilton, who wrote extensively on the subject about the year 1836. The conclusion arrived at from the comparison thus made was that the Constitution of McGill approached more nearly to the ideas entertained by Sir William Hamilton, than to those of the Scottish University itself. In conclusion the lecturer stated that though the University of Oxford claimed to have been founded in 872, that of Paris about 1109, and Harvard in 1636, McGill which could show pedigree only from 1821, need not suffer by comparison with its older sisters.

Mr. J. R. Dougall said the proposed change would be more evolutionary than revolutionary.

Dr. Kelley advocated such a change in the constitution of the Board as would give the graduates a greater influence. In Cornell University at Ithaca, U.S., the

graduates elected five out of fifteen members. He thought that the faculties were too strongly represented. Difficulties had been thrown in the way of the election of the late Mr. Ramsay, but he had been of much administrative value. Mr. Hutchison said he agreed with Dr. Kelley that some changes were necessary, and they could be introduced without injuring the constitution. The graduates on the board of governors did not represent the graduates in the corporation, and when there was any conflict they had to defend the interests of their constituents. The graduates should have a larger representation in the corporation and on the governing board. A board appointed by themselves as at present was without parallel. Though the appointments had been good the system must end in trouble, although, as Sir W. Dawson had said, it had worked well for thirty years. The two bodies, corporation and governors, should be wholly separated. McGill was handicapped to a great extent by Toronto, Queen’s, Lennoxville and Laval. Mr. England said: “A fair and friendly discussion can never damage any cause, and those who would construe it as an indictment would take it to mean the direct opposite of what I consider the intention of this meeting. I have no fault to find with our present Governors. I think every appointment to that board has been good, and has tended to conserve the best interest of the University. But I must take exception to essayist’s reference to Sir Wm. Hamilton. To construe Sir Wm. Hamilton’s articles on University Reform it is necessary to consider the situation of the Scottish University at the time. They were governed by the Senators Academics, i.e., the whole body of the professors, who elected new professors when vacancies occurred to all the chairs that were under the patronages of the University. Thus they were self-elective. Now Sir Wm. Hamilton desired these conditions for a governing body: 1. That they should be a small extra-academical body, I think he said 7 or 9 members. 2. That they should be elective, subject to the approval of some independent authority, for example, the Crown. 3. That they should be elected for a certain period, and so constituted that if their services proved beneficial they could be re-elected. I cannot find Sir Wm. Hamilton in the least degree justifying a self-elective body. On the contrary, he objected to the *Senatus Academicus* for the reason that it was self-elective.

Mr. J. S. Hall, M.P.P., said McGill needed money and a larger population to feed the University. The Graduates’ Society, formed twelve years ago, to give united expression to what they deemed the interests of their *Alma Mater*, had done good service, and had succeeded in getting one of their number on the Board of Governors. An examination of the charter led him to the conclusion that it was not theoretically a good one, but, in view of circumstances, was probably the best that could have been adopted. But a process of reforming evolution was required, and a calm discussion of the subject necessary, and not a condemnation of the charter *in toto*.

A bore is a person who spends so much time talking about himself that you can’t talk about yourself.

Exchanges.

The *Epsomian* is an English paper; it abounds in statistics and athletic notes.

From the *Atlantis* we gather that the previous editorial board had discussed, to some extent, University affairs, and that the present board disclaims their action; it would be interesting to know on what ground.

Between the Lectures.

Said Major B.
To Mrs. T.
"I loved in vain; she jilted me;
She's dead now. I forgive her."
"Ah!" she replied,
And gently sighed.
"I sympathize with you," she cried,
Her tears flowed like a river.
"Oh! can it be
That you, like me,
Were disappointed, Mrs. T.?
I hope he's dead; he orter."
"Not quite" she said,
"He isn't dead,
But he's my house's lord and head,
I married him, in short, sir."

She (indignantly): "masher!"

He (tenderly): "*ma chère!*"

The "Editor" has two failings—he makes big pills and talks in surgery lecture.

It is hard to tell who look the most profound during operations at the Hospital—the professors or the freshmen.

An Irishman was recently heard to declare that the present state of affairs was "enough to make a man commit suicide, or perish in the attempt."

Wife—"Don't eat so fast, glutton; your avidity takes away my appetite."

Husband—(between bites)—"Mine too, my love."

Professor of Mathematics—"If I were on an inclined plane, and no friction came into play to create a resistance, what would be the consequence?"

Student—"No consequence whatever, sir."

N.B.—Student was plucked.

"Well," panted *Paterfamilias*, as he hacked frantically at a veteran fowl, which scooted round the dish in playful derision of his efforts, "I consider our butcher the most kind-hearted man in town; anyone else would have killed this bird ten years ago."

A three-year-old little girl was taught to close her evening prayer, during the temporary absence of her father, with "and please watch over my papa." It sounded very sweet, but the mother's amusement may be imagined when she added: "And you'd better keep an eye on mamma, too!"

When Professor K—reached the rostrum for prayers, he found his watch two minutes slower, and

himself much later, than he expected. Looking at his watch he exclaimed—"I shall have no faith in my watch after this." "It is not faith, but works you need," was the quick response of Professor J—

In a certain city not far from here, there dwell a pastry cook and an undertaker, both rejoicing in the name of Rogers. The other day one of the residents horrified his wife by bringing home a friend to dinner on washing-day. "What shall I do," she cried. "I know! I shall telephone to Rogers to send up a shell, and we can fill it with jam." Twenty minutes later a funereal-looking vehicle drew up at the steps, and deposited thereupon a *coffin*. They had hard work persuading the guest to remain.

College World.

Of the 1,494 convicts in Joliet Penitentiary, 129 are college graduates.

Harvard professors are given a year's vacation with full pay, every seventh year.

The Vassar girls are to have a new gymnasium, costing \$25,000. Oh! happy Vassarites!

Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain) has received the degree of Master of Arts from Yale University.

Cornell has tried the plan of having Monday for a holiday instead of Saturday, and they call it a success.

Among the 559 women, who have graduated from the fourteen leading women's colleges and seminaries in the United States, only 177 are married!

The Empress of Japan has established a college for women, to be superintended by a committee of foreign ladies. Two of these are American, two English, and the other two French and German respectively.

Wellesley College has refused many students from lack of room. The attendance now is over seven hundred. Smith College has 450 names on its roll-book. There are over twelve hundred students at Cornell.

Among the scholars of all nations who were honoured recently by the doctor's degree from the University of Bologna, were the following Americans,—James Russell Lowell, David Dudley Field, Prof. Adams, and Prof. Agassiz.

The Rev. Mr. Wilson, the new Warden of Keble College, Oxford, is said to be a man of very strong will and great energy. He is a Ritualist of the most advanced type, and is regarded highly as a preacher both in London and Oxford.

Active steps are now being taken to build a gymnasium on the University grounds, Toronto. About \$3,000 has been already promised, and with an energetic canvass among graduates and others, it is believed that a large sum will be raised. The new building for the Biological and Physiological Department is rapidly approaching completion. It is a handsome three-storey, grey stone structure, and will be in keeping with the main University building.

Some of the slogans of the American colleges are as follows :—

Harvard—Rah, rah, rah ; rah, rah, rah ; rah, rah, rah ! Harvard !

Yale—Rah, rah, rah ; Rah, rah, rah ; Rah, rah, rah ! Ya-a-le !

Dartmouth—Wah, Hoo, Wah ; Wah, Hoo, Rah ; Dar-d-d—Dartmouth !! Tiger.

Princeton—Rah, rah, rah ; S-s-s-t, boom, th-h-h !!

Union—Rah, rah, rah ; U-n-i-o-n, hikah, hikah, hikah !

Cornell—Cor-nell ! I yell, yell, yell ! Cornell !!!

Madison—Zip, rah, mad ; zip, rah, mad ; zip, rah, Madison !

Wooster—W-oo-ster ! Bang !!

Adelbert—Rah, rah, rah ; ski-yi-yi ; A-d-e-l-b-e-r-t !

Dickinson—Hip, rah, bus, bis ; Dickinson-en-sis !

Boston University—Boston, Boston, bub-a-bub-a-bub ; Boston Varsity, varsity ; rah, rah, rah !!

Rutgers—Rah, rah, rah : bow-wow-wow.

What is McGill's slogan ? We should have one ; in fact we know there are several. Let us select the best. For the purpose of doing so we offer *THE GAZETTE* for the rest of the year for the best slogan sent in by January 1.

Professor Roberts contributed the following charming little poem to a recent number of *The 'Varsity* :

MY TREES.

At evening, when the winds are still,
And wide the yellowing landscape glows,
My fir-woods on the lonely hill
Are crowned with sun and loud with crows.
Their flocks throng down the open sky
From far, salt flats and sedgy seas.
Then dusk and dew-fall quench the cry,—
So calm a home is in my trees.

At morning, when the young wind swings
The green, slim tops and branches high,
Out-puffs a noisy whirl of wings,
Dispersing up the empty sky.
In this dear refuge no roof stops
The skyward pinion winnowing through.
My trees shut out the world,—their tops
Are open to the infinite blue.

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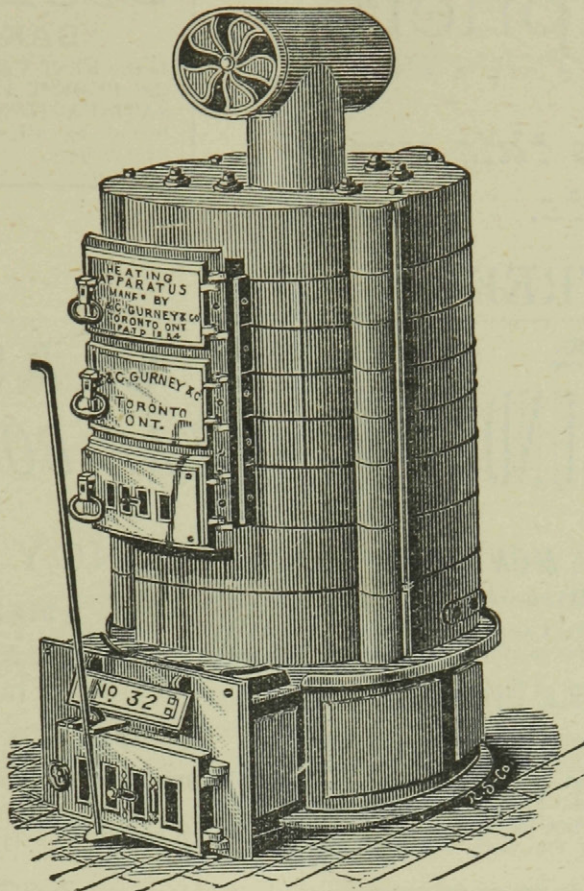
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

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